

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

4 of 5

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS™



DIRECT EDITION

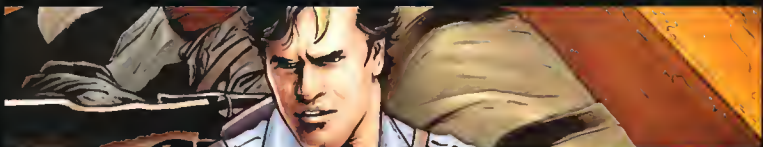
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\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

*Swing*

# PREVIOUSLY



**MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS**—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARNNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FIDEL COMMAND OF THE NECRONOMICON (THE BODR OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF... AND IN WHAT NIGHT MIGHT HAVE BEEN HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS... THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE.



**UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS... AND HAVE SUPER POWERS... AND FIGHT CRIME... IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS THAT IS. UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES. AFTER RUNNING INTO A FEW UNINFECTED HEROES, ASH SEES FIRSTHAND HOW CRAZY THIS WORLD WAS BEFORE THERE WERE ANY ZOMBIES.**



**JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF FINDING HELP, HE RUNS INTO A PAIR OF HEROINES NAMED OAZZLER AND THE SCARLET WITCH. ASH TELLS THEM THAT TO SAVE THIS WORLD, HE MUST FIRST FIND THE NECRONOMICON. AFTER A FEW, ER, DEAD ENDS, THE TRIO TRAVELS TO LATVERIA—THE HOME OF THE DEADLY DOCTOR DOOM—SEARCHING FOR THE BOOK... AND HOPING TO STAY ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE VIRUS, BUT NO SUCH LUCK, FOR ASH IS WITNESSING THE DAWN...**



...OF THE MARVEL ZOMBIES!

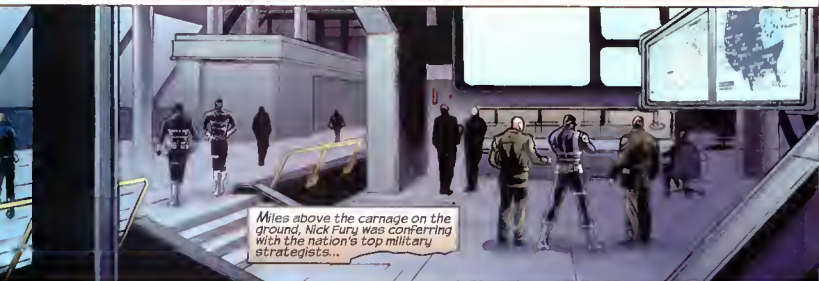
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The truth is, in the early hours of the infection, it could have been contained.



Aboard S.H.I.E.L.D.'s command helicopter, there were plans to do that very thing



Miles above the carnage on the ground, Nick Fury was conferring with the nation's top military strategists...



...determining exactly what losses were acceptable



From there, things  
deteriorated with  
astounding speed.

Before S.H.I.E.L.D. could  
make a preemptive strike--

--the contagion  
spread.



Faster.

And further.

Over oceans.  
Beyond borders.

In no time it had reached Britain.



Russia.



Japan.



The Savage Land.



Latveria

Miss Maximoff,  
kindly inform your  
associate that I am the  
**absolute** monarch and  
lord of Latveria, and if he  
addresses me again as  
"Yo, Threepio," "Hey, Tin Man,"  
or "Domo arigato, Mister  
Roboto," I will remove  
his head from his  
body.

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS A DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION  
**MARVEL ZOMBIES VS. THE ARMY OF DARKNESS**

**PART 4**  
OF 5:

# THE BOOK OF DOOMS

JOHN LAYMAN  
WRITER

FABIANO FERNANDO NEVES  
COLORIST

SEAN BLANCO PHILLIPS  
ARTISTS

JUNE CHUNG  
COLORIST

VC'S BUS WOOTON  
LETTERER

BRAO JOHANSEN  
PRODUCTION

ROBERT KIRKMAN  
CONSULTANT

NICOLE BOOSE & JOHN BARBER  
CONSULTING EDITORS

COVER: ARTHUR SOYDAM (AFTER JACK KIRBY)

RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR

JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF

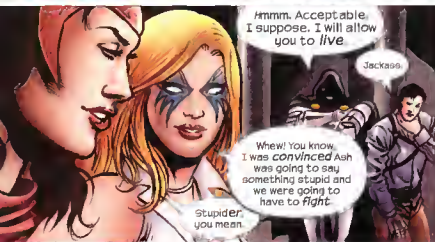
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Now, let us try this again... perhaps you can find a more suitable *honorific* when addressing Victor Von Doom.

Take it easy, chief...hail to the King...whatever!

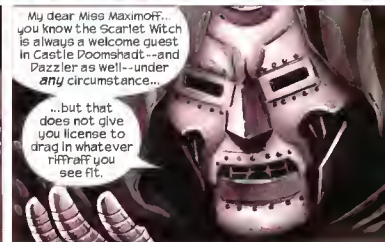


Hmmm. Acceptable, I suppose. I will allow you to *live*.

Jackass.

Whew! You know, I was *convinced* Ash was going to say something stupid and we were going to have to *fight*.

Stupider, you mean.



My dear Miss Maximoff... you know the Scarlet Witch is always a welcome guest in Castle Doomshadt--and Pazzler as well--under *any* circumstance...

...but that does not give you license to drag in whatever riffraff you see fit.



No, Lord Doom, you've got it all wrong. This man--Ashley Williams--has information on what's behind the zombie plague...he says he can *stop* it.

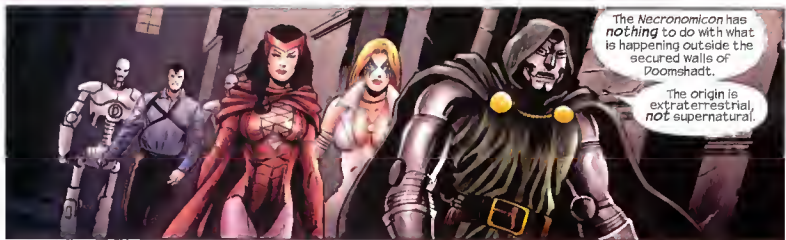
Is that so? And so you came to Latveria to *beg* for the assistance of Doom?



As *if*, buddy! We just need access to your library and the weird magic books in your collection of supernatural crapola.

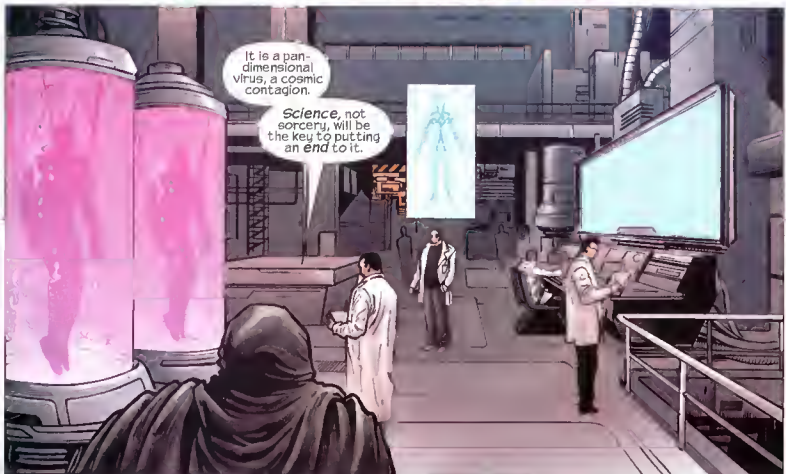
Five minutes alone with the *Necronomicon* and I'll have this zombie business *completely* sorted out.





The Necronomicon has **nothing** to do with what is happening outside the secured walls of Doomshadt.

The origin is extraterrestrial, **not** supernatural.



It is a pan-dimensional virus, a cosmic contagion.

Science, not sorcery, will be the key to putting an end to it.



Please, Doom. You have to let us try. Let us at least **see** the Necronomicon

No. You would just be wasting your time.



And you've **already** wasted enough of mine.

Escort him below. Put him in the holding cells, with the **others**.



I **don't** think so! Get your rusty mitts off me, ya overgrown waffle irons!

You bozos don't have the slightest idea who you're messing with. I've taken on entire *armies* of *Deadites* single-handedly-- you think I'm gonna be stopped by a couple of glorified wind-up toys?

You're just lucky they confiscated my boomstick, or I'd be sending you to that great Betamax pile in the sky.

**CRANK**

**ENOUGH!**

I'm surprised Dazzler and Scarlet Witch did not warn you of the dangers of incurring the wrath of *Doom*, little man.

Not to mention the folly of repeatedly incurring it.

But perhaps a demonstration is in order.

You there! What's going on outside?



Goliath,  
sir.

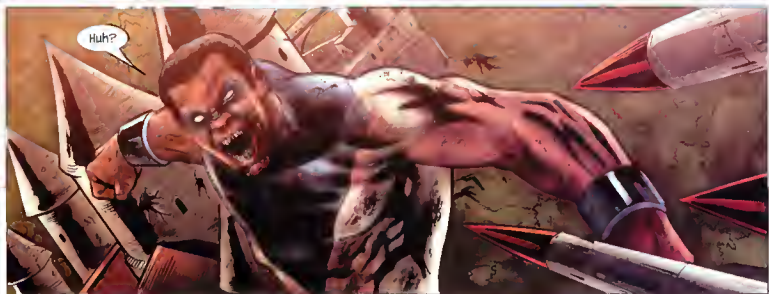
We've repelled the other  
attackers with Doombots  
and Doomjets.

So far our force field  
is holding, but the giant  
shows no sign of relenting  
his offensive.

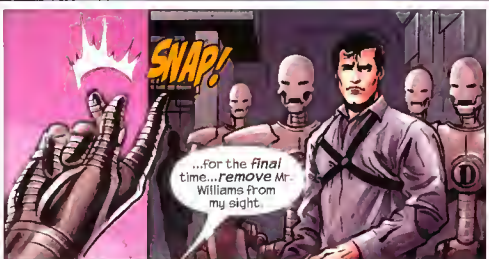


Good.

Then he provides  
us the perfect  
opportunity to illustrate  
the fate of those who  
venture onto Latverian  
soil *without* my  
welcome.



There.  
And now...



**SNAP!**

...for the *final* time...*remove* Mr. Williams from my sight.



**WHACK!**

And you need *not* be gentle.



Doom, please. Have *mercy* on him. He could be the *key* to stopping -



He is the key to *nothing* - and I *have* taken mercy on him.




As I said, he is to be locked below with the *others* -



--the other  
uninfected  
survivors.

I rescued  
them. Before the  
infection reached  
Latveria, I gathered  
up what of its citizenry  
I could and brought them  
here, where they are *safe*  
within my impregnable  
castle--its walls defended  
and secured by my  
*OWN* sorcery and  
technology.

Ironic, isn't it?  
How long have I endured  
the slander of the erroneous  
label of "super-villain," when in  
fact it would be I--Doom--who  
would ultimately turn out to  
be humanity's savior--and  
perhaps its greatest  
*hero*?



But, Victor...wh-where are  
the children? Where are the  
elderly? I see only people in  
good health, and they  
seem to all be

of breeding age?  
You are correct. Humanity  
is to be *strong* if it is to  
continue. When I rescued,  
I rescued *selectively*.



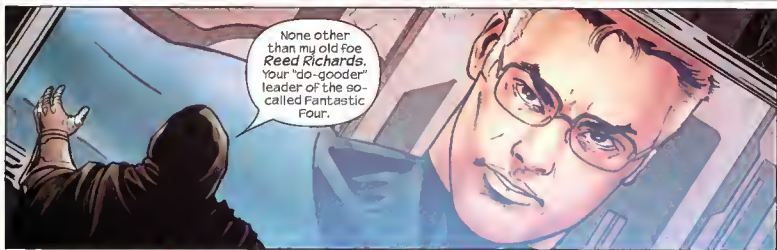
Hmph...  
some "hero."

Yo, Doom!  
Time's a'wastin!  
Lemme out  
of here!



You want  
to talk of  
heroes, Miss  
Blaire?

Who do you  
think *hastened*  
humanity's  
decline?



None other than my old foe **Reed Richards**. Your "do-gooder" leader of the so-called **Fantastic Four**.



Did you know he infected himself *on purpose*?

Convinced he was *elevating* himself into a higher, more efficient life form, he *first* infected the other members of his ludicrous quartet, so they could in turn spread it to him.



And then they *all* could pass it on to *others*.



So do not speak to me of heroes, **Dazzler**. Nor you, **Scarlet Witch**. Everything has changed now.

Your friends will attack here soon enough. Once their supply of food runs out, and they realize the world's *last* reserve of *living meat* is under *my* roof-- and under *my* protection..



In the meantime, come with me, and I shall show you the *hospitality* room extends to those with his *welcome*.

Hours later.

Zzzz  
Zzzzz  
Snork

mumble  
grumble

What I *really*  
needed to build  
into my robot  
hand was a *lock*  
pick.

Pssst...  
Ash!

Then I coulda  
busted out of this  
place, gone back to that  
tin-plated tyrant, and  
lodged my steel-toed  
boot right up his  
sterling silver--

ASH!!

C'mon, Ash.  
Quickly! And  
quietly!

'Bout freakin' time,  
Witchy. Where you been?  
And where were you when  
Doc Dour was lettin' his  
Cylon sidekicks try  
to crack open  
my melon?

Poom is not a man  
to be trifled with, and  
our list of allies is  
perilously thin. Best not  
to *CROSS* him if possible,  
at least not *overtly*.

Nice plan,  
if it woulda  
worked.

Intruder  
alert! Intruder  
alert!

But it looks  
like all you did  
was pull me out  
of the frying  
pan--

We're on our fifth dinner course,  
Dazzler's on her second carafe of  
Shiraz, and Poom's regaled us with  
more stories about his untold  
greatness than I can possibly  
count.

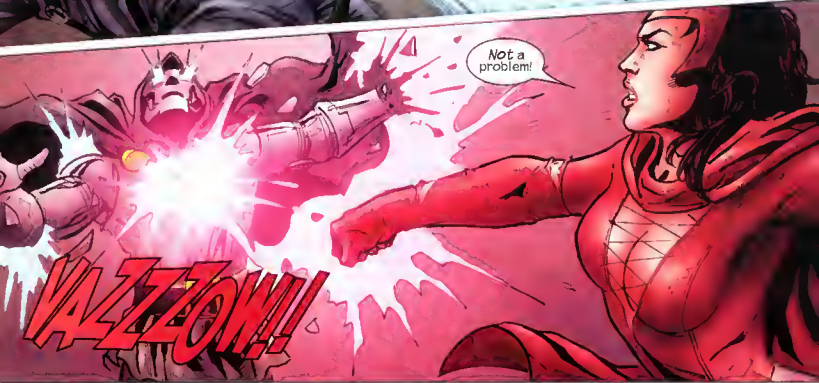
I excused myself  
to the little *mutants'*  
room, and hopefully Victor's  
too wrapped up in his latest  
story to notice how *long*  
I've been done.





...and into the line of fire!

SCRACKON!!!



Not a problem!

VAZZZOW!!



Whoa!

What the hell you do to Doom?

Hex power. And this isn't Doom.

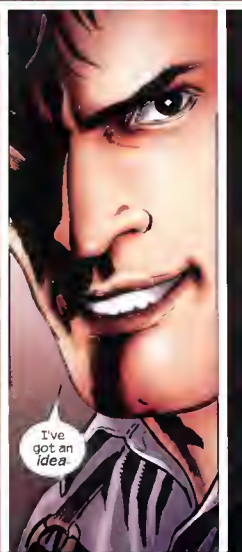
It's just a different model of Doombot. One of his robotic duplicates that sometimes serves as Doom's proxies.



Cmon. We need to get past his other guards and find that book before Poom figures out I've gone missing--and freed you.

Nah... you head back to bucket-butt. You and Pazz keep him occupied...

...and out of my hair.



I've got an idea.



Soon.



Good evening, my lord.



Away with you lackey. Master needs some me time in the ol' book barn

The arcane athenaeum?

Take a hike, tin britches!

Yes, lord.



Hmm...Neco... Necro...aha!

There you are



The Necronomicon.

Doom?... What is this?

Something about you... seems different.



Oh...ya think?!?

The  
Chosen  
One!!

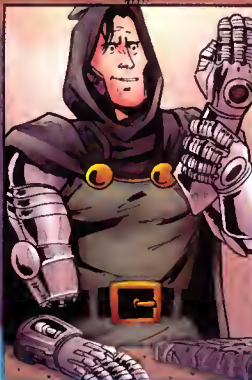
Yeah, one  
and the same  
pat, but you can  
just call me "Ash."  
Long time  
no see.

I got your  
message. That old  
biddy you sent to me.  
"The world will die, and  
an army of the dead  
will rise." Isn't *that*  
what she said?

Well...you're  
gonna explain how  
you *started* all this,  
and *then* you're  
gonna explain how  
to *stop* it.

Within me is  
a power almost  
unfathomable to one  
such as yourself, and  
yet, you seek to  
compel information  
from me with crude  
threats.

To use your  
own clumsy  
vernacular: "Or  
what?"





Very well, Williams, I will tell you the truth, if only because it amuses me to do so. The Netherworld played no part in the zombie plague that's destroying the world.

What???

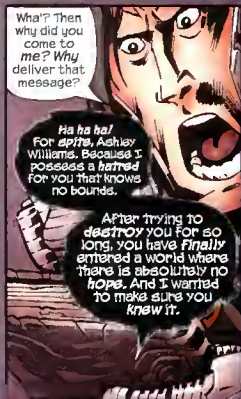
The origin is ~~extraterrestrial~~...not supernatural. The infected may be dead, but they are certainly not *undead*.

The undead is my domain. I could not assist you... even if I desired to.



B-b-but...what about what you said? "The world will die, and an army of the dead will rise."

Indeed, it is so. But one thing does not have anything to do with the other. This world will die, and an army of the dead will rise. The particulars of the prophecy are clear in that respect, though the rest is obscure.



What? Then why did you come to me? Why deliver that message?

Ha ha ha! For spite, Ashley Williams. Because I possess a hatred for you that knows no bounds.

After trying to destroy you for so long, you have finally entered a world where there is absolutely no hope. And I wanted to make sure you knew it.

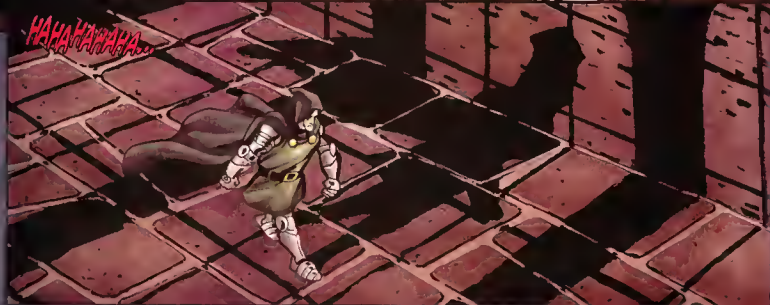


Faces in tiger...you dropped out!

HAHAHAHAHA...



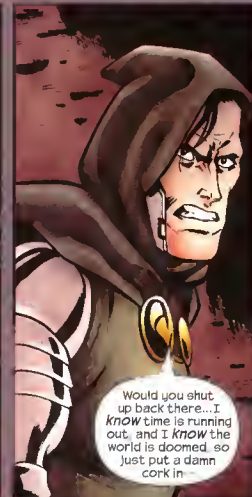
HAHAHAHAHA...



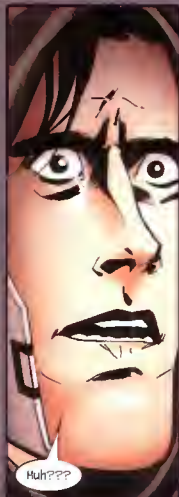
Time is running out,  
Poom, for you... *and* the  
rest of the world.



Would you shut  
up back there... I  
*KNOW* time is running  
out, and I *KNOW* the  
world is doomed, so  
just put a damn  
cork in—



Huh???





Who  
the hell  
are you?

You--you  
are not Doom. What  
are you *doing* here  
attired as  
such?

Sorry, sugar--tush.  
I dig the *Caged Heat*  
vibe you got goin',  
but you're forgetting the  
rules--guy on the *outside*  
of the cage asks the  
questions,  
comprende?

So give it up--  
what's your handle?  
An' what'd ya do to  
get thrown in  
the clink?

My name is Amora,  
though they call me the  
*Enchantress*.

Hmm,  
couldn't  
imagine  
*why*.

I am *here*  
because I am  
a threat to  
Doom.

I come from  
*another world*,  
and Doom fears my  
power and what I  
am capable of  
doing.

Join the club,  
sister. This sounds  
*awfully* damn familiar.  
Guy tried to do the  
'xact same thing  
to yours truly.

You are *not*  
a friend to Doom?  
Perhaps...

...perhaps  
we should *Join*  
*forces*?



Soon

This castle is supposed to be *secure* from the zombies. Once we give Doom the heave-ho, this might be a nice place for the human race to spend its end days.

Maybe even get to work on *repopulating* the human race--if you catch my drift!



C'mon, dollface. I got a couple other ladyfriends we can recruit for our little rebellion. Maybe even enlist some of those Latverian *refugees* to help us.

*Refugees*? You mean... *uninfected* humans?



Sure thing. *Dozens* of 'em. Maybe hundreds. Enough of 'em to give us a fighting chance against Poom. But we'll need *firepower* to bust 'em out.



You might come in handy for that. Say, what *is* your super power, anyway, Enchantress?

**ASH!!**



Ash!

Oh, My God!

What have you *done*?



Take it easy, ladies! No need for jealousy. Plenty of ol' Ash to go around.

Hot babe rescuin' is just *one* of my many talents. You should have figured that out by now--



—I've  
always been  
a sucker for  
a pretty  
face.

**TO BE CONCLUDED!**





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